

**FRANZ KAFKA AND MAX BROD**  
**RICHARD AND SAMUEL - A SMALL JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL EUROPEAN REGIONS**

A ribbon will contain the parallel travel diaries of two friends of different character.

Samuel is a cosmopolitan young man who, with great earnestness, endeavours to educate himself on a grand scale and make a correct judgment of all the objects of life and art, without ever becoming sober or even pedantic. Richard has no particular interest, can be driven by enigmatic feelings, even more by his weakness, but shows in his narrow and random circle so much intensity and naive independence that he never degenerates into quirky comedy. Samuel is secretary of an art association, Richard Bankbeamter. Richard has fortune, works only because he does not consider himself able to endure days off; Samuel has to live off his (moreover, successful and much appreciated) work.

The two, though schoolmates, are alone with each other for the first time during this journey. They value each other, though they seem incomprehensible to each other. Attraction and repulsion are felt in many ways. It describes how this relationship first stirs into overheated intimacy, then, after some incidents on the dangerous soil of Milan and Paris, mutually calms and completely secures one another in male understanding. The journey concludes with the two friends uniting their skills into a new curious art venture.

The many nuances of which friendships between men are capable of depicting and at the same time letting the travelled countries see themselves in a freshness and meaning through a contradictory double lighting, as they are often unjustly attributed to exotic regions, is the purpose of this book.

The first long train ride (Prague-Zurich)

Samuel: departure 26. VIII. 1911 noon 1 o'clock 2 min.

Richard: At the sight of Samuel, who enters something short in his well-known tiny pocket diary, I have the old, beautiful idea again, each of us should keep a journal about this trip. I'm going to tell him. He rejects first, then he agrees, he justifies both, I understand it only superficially, but that does not matter if we are only going to keep diaries. - Now he laughs again about my notebook, which, however, incorporated in black shine, new, very large, square, more like a exercise book. I foresee that it will be hard and annoying to carry this notebook in my pocket during the whole journey. Incidentally, I can also buy a practical one in Zurich with him at the same time. He also has a fountain pen. I'll borrow them here and there.

Samuel: In a station opposite our window, a wagon with peasant women. In the lap of one who laughs, one is sleeping. Waking up, she beckons us, indecent in her half sleep: "Come". As if they mock us because we cannot get across. In the Nebenkoupee a dark, heroic, quite immovable. Leaning her head back, she looks out the window. Delphic sibyl.

Richard: But what I do not like is his more conning, falsely familiarity, almost conniving greeting to the peasant women. Now even the train starts to move and Samuel stays alone with his smiles started to smile and his petticoat. - Do not I overdo it? Samuel reads to me his first remark, it makes a big impression on me. I should have paid more attention to the peasant women. - The conductor asks, by the way, very indistinctly, as if he had to deal with a lot of people who have travelled this route many times, if someone wanted to order coffee for Pilsen. If you order, so he sticks a narrow green piece of paper for each serving to the Koupeefenster, as in Międzyzdroje formerly, as long as there was no jetty, the distant steamer by pennants the number of boats that were needed for the Ausbooten, indicated. Samuel does not know Międzyzdroje at all. Too bad that I was not there with him. It was very nice at the time. This time it will be wonderfully beautiful. The ride is too fast, it goes too fast; the desire for long journeys that I have now! - What an ancient comparison is the above, as has been the landing stage in Międzyzdroje for five years. - The coffee in Pilsen on the platform. You do not have to take it with paper and get it without.

Samuel: From the platform, we see a strange girl peer out of our koupee, the later Dora Lippert. Pretty, thick-nosed, small neckline in a white lace blouse. First common fact in the onward journey: her big hat in his paper bag floats lightly from the luggage net onto my head. We learn that she is the daughter of an officer transferred to Innsbruck and travels to her parents, whom she has not seen for so long. She works in a technical bureau in Pilsen, the whole day, has a lot to do, but it makes her happy, she is very happy with her life. In the bureau she is called: our baby, our little swallow. She is there among all the men, the youngest. Oh, it's funny in the bureau! One confuses the hats in the wardrobe, nailing the Zehnuhrkipfel or sticks the pen handle with gum Arabic to the writing portfolio. We ourselves have the opportunity to participate in such an "impeccable" joke. She writes a card to her colleagues in Bureau, which says: "Unfortunately, the prediction has arrived, I got on a wrong train and am now in Zurich. We should give this card in Zurich. But she expects us as "men of honour" to say nothing. Of course you'll have to worry about the bureau, telegraph and God knows what else. - She is a Wagnerian, does not miss any Wagner performance, "this short time as Isolde", she also reads the correspondence of Wagner with the Wesendonck, she even takes him to Innsbruck, a gentleman, of course, that who plays the piano score for her has borrowed the book from her. Unfortunately, she herself has little talent for playing the piano, but we already know it since she has given us some leitmotifs. - She collects chocolate paper, from which she makes a big Staniol ball, which she also has. This ball is for a friend, unknown purpose. But she also collects cigar bandages, these certainly for a tray. - The first Bavarian conductor brings them to express their very contradictory and dark views of an officer's daughter about the Austrian military and military at all briefly and with great determination. In fact, it not only considers the Austrian military as slack, but also the German and every military in general. But she does not run to the window in the office, when military music passes? Not at all, because that is not a military. Yes, her younger sister is different. The dances diligently in the Innsbruck officer's casino. So uniforms do not impress her at all and officers are breathing for her. Obviously it is partly the fault of that gentleman who borrows the vocal scores for her, but in part our walk-around on the platform of the Further train station, because she feels so fresh after walking in the Gehn and strokes her palms with her hands. Richard defends the military, but seriously. - Your favourite expressions: perfectly - with zero comma five acceleration - fire out - promptly - flabby. So uniforms do not impress her at all and officers are breathing for her. Obviously it is partly the fault of that gentleman who borrows the vocal scores for her, but in part our walk-around on the platform of the Further train station, because she feels so fresh after walking in the Gehn and strokes her palms with her hands. Richard defends the military, but seriously. - Your favourite expressions: perfectly - with zero comma five acceleration - fire out - promptly - flabby. So uniforms do not impress her at all and officers are breathing for her. Obviously it is partly the fault of that gentleman who borrows the vocal scores for her, but in part our walk-around on the platform of the Further train station, because she feels so fresh after walking in the Gehn and strokes her palms with her hands. Richard defends the military, but seriously. - Your favourite expressions: perfectly - with zero comma five acceleration - fire out - promptly - flabby.

Richard: Dora L. has round cheeks with lots of blond fluff; but they are so bloodless that one has to press their hands into them for a very long time before a reddening appears. The bodice is bad, the blouse crumples over its edge on the chest; you have to look away.

Glad I am that I sit opposite her and not next to her, because I cannot talk to someone sitting next to me. Samuel z. B. sits next to me with a liking; He also likes to sit next to Dora. I, on the other hand, feel well when someone sits down next to me. After all, one really does not have an eye ready for such a person from the outset, one must first turn it over to him. However, as a result of my opposition, I am temporarily excluded from the conversation of Dora and Samuel, especially when the train is traveling; you cannot have all the benefits. But I saw them already, if only for a few moments, sitting silently beside each other; of course without my fault.

I admire her; she is so musical. Samuel, however, seems to smile ironically as she sings a little softly. Maybe it was not quite correct, but at least, does not it deserve admiration that a girl living alone in a big city cares so much for music? She even got a rented piano in her room, which is only rented. One has to imagine: such a complicated matter as a piano transport (Fortepiano!) Which makes even whole families difficult and the weak girl! How much independence and decisiveness is necessary!

I ask her about her household. She lives with two friends, in the evening one of them buys the supper in a delicatessen, they talk very well and laugh a lot. That all this happens with petroleum lighting seems strange to me when I hear it, but I do not want to tell her. Apparently, she is not affected by this poor lighting, because she could certainly force a better one from her hostess if she could remember it.

Since in the course of the conversation she has to show everything she has in her purse, we also see a medicine bottle with something hideous yellow in it. Only now we learn that she is not quite well, even long sick. And afterwards she was still very weak. At that time, the boss himself advised her (how decent you are

against her) to come to the office for only half a day. Now she's feeling better, but she has to take this iron supplement. I advise her to pour it out the window. Although it is easy to agree (because the stuff tastes miserable), but is not to bring to the serious, although I, leaning closer to her than ever, I want to explain my just so clear views on a natural treatment of the human organism, and indeed in the sincere intention of to help her, or at least to keep this pristine girl from harm, and thus at least for a moment feel like a fortunate coincidence of this girl. - When she does not stop laughing, I break off. It has also hurt me that Samuel has shaken his head during my speech. I know him yes. He believes in the doctors and considers the natural healing method to be ridiculous. I understand that very well: he has never needed a doctor and therefore never had any serious independent thoughts on this matter, for example, can not refer to this disgusting drug at all. If I had been alone with the young lady, I would have already convinced her. Because: if I'm not right in this matter, I have it in none! And at least for a moment I feel like a fortunate coincidence of this girl. - When she does not stop laughing, I break off. It has also hurt me that Samuel has shaken his head during my speech. I know him yes. He believes in the doctors and considers the natural healing method to be ridiculous. I understand that very well: he has never needed a doctor and therefore never had any serious independent thoughts on this matter, for example, can not refer to this disgusting drug at all. If I had been alone with the young lady, I would have already convinced her. Because: if I'm not right in this matter, I have it in none! And at least for a moment I feel like a fortunate coincidence of this girl. - When she does not stop laughing, I break off. It has also hurt me that Samuel has shaken his head during my speech. I know him yes. He believes in the doctors and considers the natural healing method to be ridiculous. I understand that very well: he has never needed a doctor and therefore never had serious independent thoughts about this matter, for example, can not refer to this disgusting drug at all. If I had been alone with the young lady, I would have already convinced her. Because: if I'm not right in this matter, I have it in none! I know him yes. He believes in the doctors and considers the natural healing method to be ridiculous. I understand that very well: he has never needed a doctor and therefore never had serious independent thoughts about this matter, for example, can not refer to this disgusting drug at all. If I had been alone with the young lady, I would have already convinced her. Because: if I'm not right in this matter, I have it in none!

The cause of her anaemia has been clear to me from the beginning. The Bureau. One can feel like all the Bureau life as something joking (and this girl feels it so honest, is completely deceived), but in essence, in the unfortunate consequences!? - I know what I am referring to. B. bin. And now a girl is supposed to be sitting in the office, the woman's skirt is not made for it at all, how must he stretch everywhere, in order to spend hours and hours on a hard wooden armchair? And so these round popes are pressed, and at the same time the chest at the edge of the desk. - Exaggerated? - A girl in the office is always a sad sight to me.

Samuel has become quite intimate with her. He even got them, which I had never thought to go with us in the dining car. In this car between foreign passengers, we enter with an almost incredible togetherness, all three. One must remember that one should visit a new environment to strengthen the friendship. I'm even sitting next to her, we drink wine, our arms touch each other, and our shared holiday joy really makes a family of us.

This Samuel persuaded her, in spite of her lively and rain-soaked struggles, to use the half-hour stay in Munich for a drive. While he's picking up a car, she says to me in the station arcade, and she takes me by the arm: "Please, stop this ride, I'm not allowed to come in. It's completely out of the question, I'll tell you, because I trust in you. You cannot talk to your friend, he's so crazy!" - We get in, I'm embarrassed, it also reminds me of the cinematograph piece "The White Slave", in which the innocent heroine is right at the station exit is forced into an automobile in the dark by strange men and taken away. Samuel, on the other hand, is in a good mood. As the big screen of the car takes us the view, we actually only see the first floor of all buildings in distress. It's night. Perspectives of a basement apartment. Samuel, on the other hand, derives fantastic ideas about the height of castles and churches. Since Dora is still silent in her dark back seat and I'm almost afraid of an outburst, he finally gets supportive and asks her, for my feeling a bit too conventional: "Well, you're not mad at me, miss? Done, etc.?"

She replies, "Once I'm here, I do not want to disturb you, but you should not have forced me to, and if I say 'no,' I'll say it for no reason, and I'm not allowed to drive." "Why?" He asks. "I cannot tell you that, you have to see for yourself, that it is not fitting for a girl to drive around with gentlemen at night. There is also something else. Just suppose I was already bound ..." "We guessed, each one for us, with silent respect, that this thing is somehow related to the Wagnerian gentleman. Well, I do not blame myself, but still try to cheer her up Even Samuel, who has treated her a bit from above, seems to regret and only wants to talk more about the ride. The chauffeur, called by us, calls out the names of the invisible sights. The Pneumatics roar on the wet asphalt like the apparatus in the cinematograph, again this "white slave." These empty long washed-out black lanes, the clearest are the hung-out large windows of the restaurant "Vier Jahreszeiten", whose name was somehow known to us as the most elegant. Bow to a liveried waiter in front of a table party. At a monument, which we happily explain for the famous Wagner monument, it shows participation. Only at the monument of freedom with its rain-clapping fountains is a longer stay allowed. Bridge over the unimagined Isar. Beautiful mansions along the English Garden. Ludwigsstraße, Theatinerkirche, Feldherrnhalle, Pschorrbräu. I do not know why this comes: I recognize nothing again, although I have been to Munich several times. Sendlinger Gate. Railway station, which I had to worry about on time (especially Doras). So, like a calculated spring, we purred through the city in exactly twenty minutes, according to the taximeter.

We bring our Dora, as if we were her Munich relatives, in a direct koupee to Innsbruck, where a black-clad lady, who is more to be feared than us, offers her protection for the night. That's when I see that two of us can be trusted to entrust a girl with reassurance.

Samuel: The thing with Dora has failed completely. The further it went, the worse. My intention was to interrupt the journey and spend the night in Munich. Until the supper, about station Regensburg, I was convinced that it would work. I tried to communicate with Richard through a few words on a piece of paper. He does not seem to have read it at all, only anxious to hide it. After all, there's nothing wrong with it, I had no desire for the bland women's room. Only Richard made such a thing out of her, with his elaborate addresses and favours. Thus she was also confirmed in her stupid ornamentation, which eventually became quite unbearable in the automobile. When she left she became a sentimental German Gretchen, Richard, who of course carried the suitcase, behaved, as if she had blessed him undeservedly, I only had an embarrassing feeling. To put it briefly: Women who travel alone or otherwise want to be considered as independent, then may not fall back into the usual, perhaps now obsolete coquetry, by soon attracting, repelling soon and in the confusion generated by their advantage search. For that one sees through and can be repelled with pleasure soon more than they probably wished. Soon repel and seek their advantage in the confusion created thereby. For that one sees through and can be repelled with pleasure soon more than they probably wished. Soon repel and seek their advantage in the confusion created thereby. For that one sees through and can be repelled with pleasure soon more than they probably wished. -

After this not completely clean travel acquaintance it was a special pleasure to find an institution especially for hand and face washing on the station. We open a "cabin"; However, you could think of more beautiful washing facilities, we also have just time, with our clothes packed us in the tightness between the two sinks back and forth to turn, but we agree that culture is in this rich German institution. In Prague you could spend a lot of time in the train stations before you could find something like that.

We get into the koupee, where we had left our luggage to Richard's heartbeat. Richard makes his well-known sleep preparations by placing his plaid under the pillow and hanging the suspended Havelock as a canopy around his face. I like that he is ruthless, at least when it comes to his sleep. For example, he darkens the lamp without asking, although he knows that I cannot sleep in the railway. He stretches out on his bench as if he had a special right in front of his fellow travellers. He also falls asleep peacefully at once. And at the same time, people constantly complain of insomnia.

There are two young Frenchmen in the koupee. (Geneva high school students.) The one black-haired man is always laughing, even at the fact that Richard hardly allows him to sit (that's how he stretches out), then that he does not ask for a moment when Richard gets up and the company asks smoke, used to occupy part of Richard's camp. Such small battles are mute and therefore easily fought among foreign speakers, without apologies and reproaches. The French are shortening the night by passing a tin can of cakes to each other or rolling cigarettes, or going out into the corridor at any moment, shouting at each other, coming in again. In Lindau (they say "Lendo") they laugh heartily and surprisingly brightly over the Austrian conductor for this night time. Conductors of a foreign state seem irresistibly funny, as well as us the Bavarian in Furth with his big red bag, which swirled around his legs deep down. - Long-lasting view of Lake Constance illuminated and smoothed by the train lights, all the way to the far-off lights of the opposite banks, dark and misty. I remember an old school poem, "The Rider over Lake Constance".

I spend a nice time recovering it from memory. Penetration of three Swiss. One smokes. One who then remains after leaving the other two, is at first insignificant, but clears up in the morning. He put an end to the quarrels between Richard and the black French by giving both of them injustice and sitting stiffly between them for the rest of the night, the mountain between their legs. Richard shows that he can also sleep while sitting.

Switzerland surprises by the single, therefore seemingly very upright independent houses in all towns, villages along the whole railway line. No lane formation in St. Gallen. Perhaps this expresses the good German particularism of each individual, - supported by terrain difficulties. Each house, with its dark green shutters and green colour in the framework and railings, has a villa-like character. Still carries a company, only one, family and business do not seem different. This facility for doing business in villas reminds me a lot of R. Walser's novel "Der Gehilfe".

It is Sunday, five o'clock in the morning, August 27th. All windows still closed, everything is asleep. Always the feeling that we, trapped in this train, breathe the only bad air far and wide, while the country outside unveils itself in a natural way, which can only be watched properly from a night train, under a flaming lamp. It is first pushed by the dark mountains as a particularly narrow valley between them and our train, then whitened by the morning mist as if through skylight windows, the mats appear gradually fresh, as never before touched, lush green, which me in this dry year very in Astonishment sets in, finally the grass turns pale with increasing sun in slow transformation. - Trees with heavy, large needle-branches, which shoot down to the foot along the whole trunk.

Such forms are often seen in pictures by Swiss painters, and I have never considered them stylized.

A mother with her children starts the Sunday walk on the clean street. This reminds me of Gottfried Keller, who was educated by his mother.

In the meadow land everywhere the most careful fences; some are made of grey stems, sharpened like pencils, often of halved stems. So we shared pencils as children to get the graphite out. I've never seen such fences before. Thus, every country offers something new in everyday life, and one must be careful not to give in to the joy of such impressions by surpassing the rare.

Richard: Leave Switzerland alone in the first morning. Samuel supposedly wakes me up at the sight of a bridge worth seeing, but it is already over before I look up, and perhaps this grip gives me the first strong impression of Switzerland. I look at it first, far too long, from within in outer dusk.

I slept unusually well during the night, as in the train almost always. My sleep in the railway is literally a clean job. I lie down, my head at the very end, try a few layers for the prelude, and separate myself from all society, as she may look at me from all sides, covering my face with the overcoat or the travel cap initial comfort of a newly adopted body posture blown to sleep. In the beginning, of course, the darkness is a good help, in the further course it is almost superfluous. The conversation could continue, as in the past, it is the case that the reminder of a seriously dormant person cannot be resisted even by a distant babbler. Because there is hardly a place where the greatest antagonisms in life are so close, abrupt and unexpectedly to each other as in the koupee, and in the shortest time to act on each other as a result of the continuous mutual consideration. And even if a sleeper does not immediately put the others to sleep again, he makes them quieter, or even increases their contemplativeness to smoking, contrary to his will, as unfortunately happened on this journey, where in the good air of unobtrusive dreams I find clouds of Inhaled cigarette smoke.

I declare my good sleep in the railway that otherwise my nervousness arising from overwork will not let me sleep because of the noise she makes in me and at night from all the random sounds of the large house and the alley, of each one of them Far away approaching car rolls, each bickering drunk, every step on the stairs is fired, that I often blame all blame for this external noise - while in the railway, the uniformity of the driving noise, whether it is just the working suspension of the car, or rubbing the wheels, slamming the rails, shaking all the wood, glass and ironworks to form a level of utter calm, on which I can sleep, seemingly like a healthy human being. Of course, this appearance gives way immediately, for example an advancing whistle of the locomotive or a change in the pace of the journey, or certainly the impression in the stations, which, like the whole train, continues throughout my sleep until awakening. Then, without amazement, I hear the names of places that I never expected to happen, like Lindau, Constance, Romanshorn, and I think they have less profit than if I had only dreamed of them, on the contrary only disturbance. When I wake up while driving, the awakening is stronger because it is like the nature of railway sleep. I open my eyes and turn to the window for a moment. I do not see much there, and what I see is captured in the negligent memory of the dreaming. But I want to swear that I'm somewhere in the Württemberg, as if I had also explicitly recognized this Württemberg word, at two o'clock in the night had seen a man leaning on the porch of his country house to the railing. Behind him, the door of his lighted writing room was half open, as if he had only come out to cool his head before he slept ... In Lindau there was a lot of singing in the night and in the train station, but also during the entrance and the exit because on such a journey in the night from Saturday to Sunday, a lot of nocturnal life on long stretches, only slightly distracted in sleep, returns, one of the sleep seems to be particularly deep and the unrest outside especially loud. Also the conductors, whom I often saw running past my clouded windowpane, and who did not wake anyone, but only wanted to fulfil their duty, In the emptiness of the station rooms, a syllable of the name of the station shouted in to us and continued to call the others. Then my traveling companions lured me to put their name together or they rose to read the name themselves through the wiped glass; but my head fell back on the wood.

But if you can ever sleep as well as I am - Samuel sits all night with open eyes, as he claims - then you should not wake up on arrival until you wake up from healthy sleep with greasy Face, wet body, criss-crossed hair, in linen and garments, which 24 hours without being cleaned and ventilated, having existed in railway dust, to find crooked in an angle of the Koupees and to have to continue in this state. If one had the strength to do it now, one would curse sleep, but one silently envies people who, like Samuel, have slept, perhaps only a little, but were also better able to look after themselves, and have made the whole journey with consciousness by the suppression of sleep, of which they would eventually have been able to remain with an uninterrupted clear mind. I was at the mercy of Samuel in the morning. We stood next to each other by the window, I only because of him, and while he showed me what could be seen of Switzerland and told of what I had overslept, I nodded and admired as he wished. It is fortunate that he either does not notice such conditions or does not judge them correctly, for he is friendlier to me at such times than when I deserve better. But seriously, at that time I only thought of the Lippert. A true verdict on new short acquaintances, especially with women, I can form so difficult. In the time when the acquaintance is in progress, I prefer to supervise myself, because there is much to do, and so I have only noticed in her a ridiculous part of what I guessed fleetingly and immediately lost to her, In the memory, these acquaintances immediately take on great, adorable forms, since they are silent there, pursuing only their own occupation, and showing their disregard for our acquaintance by their complete oblivion of our person. But there was another reason why I longed for Dora, the next girl of my memory. Samuel was not enough for me this morning. He wanted to travel with me as my friend, but that was not much. All that meant was that on every day of this journey I would have a well-dressed man beside me, whose body I can only see in the bath without having the slightest desire after that sight. After all, Samuel would tolerate my head on his chest if I wanted to cry there, but at the sight of his masculine face,

(Sequel follows)